

POEMS

BY

BEN. FRASCHI

Vivat in eternam

REX CAROLUS

SECUNDUS

Quem D^{omi}nus & in Ego

Seculorum amen. Amen. Amen.

Entered according to Order

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A Pastorall Elegie, upon
the Barbarous decollation of King
Charles the first, of ever Glorious me-
mory; written shortly after his death.

Palæmon. Chorus of Shepherds.

P A L E.

 From the Bloodyest Barbarous Act am
That ever was by Monsters nourished;
And though my feet pursue an eager
Yet still my soul retaines that horrid sight,
Ah Cursed fate which me unwilling drew
To that sad place this Tragedy to view.

CHOR.

What Luckles fate, what wofull accident
Hath happ't that makes *Palæmon* to Lament?

What sad misfortune is't that can possell
Thy sprightly soul with so much heaviness?
Needs must the cause be great that moves thee now,
Since sorrow's seldom seen to cloud thy brow.

PALEÆ.

Ah dearest mates, mirth sounds a sad retreat,
The day is come our Ruins are compleat;
Our miseries cast up in this most dread
and black prodigious Total; *Charles is dead.*

CHOR

What! *Charles* the Great, the Good, the Quintessence
Of all our earthly happiness; from whence
Our breath we draw; and by whose beames we live?
Ah! dear *Palemon*, 'tis a cause to grieve -
Horror Confounds us; yet we pray thee tell
By what sad Chance this best of Princes fell.

PALÆ.

Should death and all Hells powers stand between,
And make Relation what mine eyes have seen,
To hear this execrable Act expres't,
Would Conjure Terror in each furies breast.
This Curled Rout ; this most prodigious band
Of Ravenous Tigers that infest this Land,
Great *Charls* surpriz'd and dragg'd him to the Barr,
Whore all his deadlyest foes his Judges were,
Peace is accus'd of Warr : Meeknes of Pride :

McFCY

Mercy of blood, and truth by Treason's try'd :
 Whose Royall soul their Arrogance Contemn'd
 Till Monstrous guilt pure innocence Condemn'd,
 And sentence past of death that O ! prepare
 Your hearts of Steel, or bid my tongue forbear.

CHOR.

O no, speak on, and let thy words redound
 Such Terror to our souls that may Confound
 Our vitall Spirits, in such sort, whereby
 We may obtaine the benefit to dye.

PALE.

O 'twas a Crime past Satans when he fell,
 A fact no age can yeild it's parallel.
 In deep Oblivion Mithridates sleep,
 Nero and Tarquin with Tercus keep
 A harmless queaking : Cromwell and his Traine
 Outstrip your Rage and Tyrannoys race,
 From hence he's brought to that most wotull place
 Glorious of late by his Illustrious face
 White-hall whence he his Godlike Mandates gave,
 And all the World his bountys did receive.
 There whence his vertue through the earth was
 There, there : those impious hands his Scaffold
 There like a Lamb he's to the Slaughter led,
 There Hells stern brood smote off his Royall head.

CHOR.

Was there no lignē no miracle discry'd?
 The Sun was darkened when our Saviour dy'd,
 And could he view this Act so full of Dread
 And not amaz'd shrink in his frighted Head?

PALE.

'Twas not without a signē which did contract
 A wonder to attend this monstrous Act,
 Five Angels in the shapes of Foul's appear'd,
 And from the Aire all Cloudy vapours Clear'd,
 These hover'd o're the Fatall place and spread
 Their blessed wings just o're his Sacred head,
 Eager to catch his Soul before his breath
 By that Dire stroke had yentid unto death.
 For one which late above the rest appear'd
 With greater evidence the same declar'd,
 As if strick dead by these most horr'd sights,
 Stoops down and almost on the Scaffold lights,
 Then up retreats and wings againe assumes,
 And to her former height directs her Plumes,
 There stayes a while and hovers in the skyes,
 Then with his Soul they vanish from our eyes.

CHOR.

No more; no more; his fall's a greefe so hig h;
 None can Lament unles a Jeremy:

Yet dear *Palæmon* we may justly turn
 Our greefs from him and for our selves may mourn.
 His Blessed Soul now sits above the spheares,
 And there most happy Tryumphs ore the Stars,
 Whilst we in's blood to our destruction swim,
 'Twas us they murder'd when they struck at him.

PALÆ.

Hold, Hold, forbear your Mourning and no more
 His wrongs, nor your own injuryes deplore :
 See ; see ; his Ashes move ; his Blood revives
 And there behold where *Charles the Second* lives :
 Where *Phanix* like he rises from his dust,
 And *Charles the great* proceeds from *Charles the just*,
 By whose great hand the potent Heaven decrees
 A just revenge for these dire Butcheryes.
 Mean time (my dear Associates) come, O come,
 Let's pay our Tribute to his Sacred Toome
 And Begg from Heaven a charme unto our verse
 That may for ever Guard his Royall Herse.

Rebellious Traytors Tremble ; come not neer,
 Hence with your Sacrilegious feet, forbear :
 Touch not our dust we Charge ye ; but be gone,
 And Rue the Act your Cursed hands have done :
 Nay rather mourn your miserable fate,
 Since no Repentance this can expiate.
 But you whose breasts this horrid act doth move
 With sad Resentments of a Loyall Love,
 Draw nearer, and devoutly spend a teare,
 'Tis *Charles the Great*, the Good, the Just, lies here.

AN
ENTERLUIDE
 Upon the sudden Extirpation of
 our late great Controlers.

Speakers.

Philotheus.

Philolethes,

Fleetwood.

Lambert.

Vane.

Lenthall.

Richard, *late Protector.*

Mutes.

Berry.

Hewson.

Enter

Enter *Philotenus*, *Philoletus*.

PHILOTH.

Vhat are our Glorious Planets set so
 (soon?)
 Has Tardy *Saturn* quite outstrip the *Moone*?
 And made a quicker Revolution farr,
 Then *Sol* or *Luna* in our *Hemisphere*?
 Is this great *Fleetwood*? that great *Lambert*? *He*!
 These grand Corrivals in the Sovereignty?
 Is all their power defunct? their great Commands
 dissolv'd and lost? —

PHILOLE.

Yes see where *Fleetwood* stands,
 A piteous object —

PHILOTH.

Sure it cannot be
 That *Fleetwood*! sure that *sniv'ling Elef* is not he.

PHILOLE.

But 'tis the same —

PHILOTH.

Truly if it be so
 His Excellency's now exceeding low:

He's Courting *Lenthal*, and for pardon sue's,
His late absurd Transgressions to excuse.

PHILOE.

But hear him speak,

FLEETWOOD.

Great Sir accept I pray,
The Sovereign power, and unbounded sway;
With all those great Exactions, and Commands
We lately wreted from your sacred hands.
Acknowledging our chour and offence,
Witness these humble teares of Penitence;
Alas 'tis true, cheerd, with the late success,
We found perform'd with so much easiness,
Crying up Justice, and the good old Cause,
How right we either meant, the auncient Laws
In time may judg between us.

PHILOE.

Faith 'tis true, the blissey'd soul zingzody
Your fate's the same; when *Tyburn* claimes his due.

FLEETWOOD.

HTO MHT

In overturning puny *Richards* powers,
We by his fatal fall, advanced yours;
And to your Pris'ne state, did you restore;
Whence your Protector kickt ye out before.

Third

Thus we first rais'd, then Routed you, and I,
 In Imitation of his subtily,
 Manag'd these great affaires: but he alas,
 In greater favour with the Devil was;
 Who him preserved in the Government
 Until his soul to his Protection went:
 When as upon the Contrary, when I
 No sooner mounted on the Sovereignty,
 As if my service had not equall'd his.
 In Barbarous Treasons, and Impiety's;
 When first I seiz'd the Government of State,
 You my Commission voted out of date,
 My Mushroom Majesty extinguish't, all
 My hopes Conclude in this most shamefull fall.

Exit weeping.

PHILOLE.

What is he gone? doubtles he more had spoke,
 But that his teares his stammering words did Choak:
 And now behold where *Lambert* doth appear,
 But not as Late onth *Northwick Theater*:
 When like a Tempest he came Thundring on
 Poor timerous *Booth* and aged *Middleton*:
 VVhom by his looks he vanquished; and now
 He looks so poorely, that he knows not how
 For shame t' appear; or shew his graceless Face.

PHILOTH.

" These *Beagles* hunted *honor* as their Chace;
 " They made a faire pursuit and kept the Troyle,
 " But now hunt Counter back upon the foyle:
 " The

“ The prize deserted with a hollow Cry,
 “ untill they seise their former Beggery,
 Now comes to make Confession of his sins :
 Hark and observe the Brasen head begins.

PHILOLE.

How well the *Epithite* befits the place :
 “ And properly ; he’s Aries head and Face,
 “ Nothing deficient, to compleat it so,
 “ For Hornes his VVife procur’d him long agoe.

LAMBERT.

Most mighty Sir ! into whose powerfull hands
 Dominion’s Crept, by those united bands,
 VVe lately from your guard expuls’d and thought
 By Clipping your long wings our own t’ have
 (brought

To that aspiring pitch ; this Land to steer,
 And why not I, as well as *Oliver* ?
 I had the Sword alike, t’ assist my Claime :
 And no man doubts, but that our right’s the same ;
 Nor wanted fit associates, to my aide ;
 Until your envious *Gen’rall Monk* betrayd
 My rising fortunes ; and my hope prevents
 By his more gallant, honester intents.
 No more let *Fleetwood* boast himself, twas I
 That imitated *Noll’s* old *Policy*,
 And things at first to this distraction brought,
 being tutor’d by the self same Spirit, wrought

The

The selfsame way, he purg'd them that withstood
 The shedding of Great Charles his sacred blood,
 And Fairfax from the Generalship expell'd,
 Whereby the rule he uncontroll'd hel'd
 As need requir'd, reserving you withall
 These few dependants, which the Rump we call,
 Till time occasion gave, by scattering you,
 The Government did to himself accrue:
 Whereby he Trampled on your yielding necks:
 And unreprov'd securely played *R E X*:
 All *England* made observant to his eye:
 Whilst none durst murmur at his *Tyranny*:
 This my ambition aim'd at; and went on
 Traceing the very footsteps he had gone.
 First as a Parliament I called you
 (Being itill *Obsequious* to the *Sword* I knew)
 Which prov'd a faire beginning: for in haft
 Poor *reaking Richard* to the ground we cast,
 With all his Titles and his Honors down,
 Even so by him Great *Charles* was overthrown.
 Nor herein know I what I more could do
 Then what I did unless I'd *hang'd* him too:
 But he poor *Fool* no further strove to try it,
 But took his whipping kindly, and is quiet.

PHILOL.

Whereby't appears he never was the Son
 Of *Oliver* but only *Maddam Jone*.

LAMBERT.

L A M B E R T.

Then I the *Cheshire* Forces did oppose
 With equall Terror, as his dreadfull *Nose*
 Brave *Ormond* and the *Irish* overcame,
 So this I trusted would augment my fame,
 VVhich rais'd my soul to such a height of pride,
 When with a *Thousand pounds* you gratify'd
 That rare Exploit, it seemed to express
 A glad presage of a more great success.
 Next, that I might his Scholar more appear,
 And wisely hoping that the time drew near,
 The Army (then my slaves) I hither drew,
 And like my President supplanted you,
 First having by my *Patrons* Policy,
 Advanced *Fleetwood* to the Generalty,
 Thereby the more t' engage him to my aid,
 But quickly wou'd of him a *Fairfax* made.
 And thus you see 'twas not my want of brains
 That made the *Dev'l* so soon reward my pains.
 Discourteous fate ! can *Richard* now forbear
 Having so fit a subject for to jeare
 His Brother *Fleetwood*, and my self when we
 With such disgrace quit our Authority ?
 O mortall shame ! and what is worse t' appeares
 We'r subject to *Politicius* his jeares.
 Much more a *Devill*, would't not vex a *Saint*,
 He who so lately with our names did paint
 His weekly Pamphlets ; raisd' us to the Skyes,
 And all our Actions us'd to Canonize:

Can now employ his wanton scurrilous Pen
 In making matches with *Sir Henry Vane*,
 For *Wimbleton's Infanta* and his *Son*.
 O Hell! 'tis time or never to have done!
 Such high disgrace the Boyes will hoot that hear it!

VANE.

O Brother 'tis our fate and we must bear it,
 No Remedy remains our shame's so great,
 Unlesis the *Alderman of York's* Receipt;
 Though my ambition soar'd not all so high
 As yours, who playd on surer grounds then I?
 I alwayes temporiz'd; and where I saw
 The Sword prevail, and Justice still withdraw;
 I made the Sword my Load-starre; by it steer'd
 And ever where it Rul'd, there I appear'd;
 Untill this fatall; this prodigious Rout;
 Wherein the *Sword* did with the *Hilt* fall out,
 And strange! when first against it self it bent
 It's horrid point, my Craft did still prevent
 Approaching dangers; seeing both sides loath
 To leave their rule; I took a part with both
 Comply'd with you that first brought on the Warre,
 And yet sat close with these at *Westminster*,
 That whether side to ere prevaild, I thought
 Mine own secure; but now alas I'm brought
 To this untimely Ruin.

PHILOTH.

'Tis not so,
 'Tis more then time ye all had hang'd ere now.

VANE.

VANE.

By this discovery and the Dyre event
 That made my double dealings evident ;
 But O what mortall man conceiv'd that ye
 Would such revengers be of Treachery.

LENTHAL.

Friends, 'tis your fortune, grudge not at our powers
 Theeves have their Reign ye know, & *you* had yours :
 If fates have payd ye what your work deserves
 So soon (as *Gu'sman* learnedly observes)
 You ought not blame them ; for the fates are free
 And 'twas not them but your simplicity
 That wrought your bane ; how many of the Trade
 Prosper an age, ere their accompts be made
 VVhen others contrary to these we see
 (Being not so expert in the Mystery)
 Perish upon their first Transgressions : so
 Your indiscretions wrought your overthrowe :
 What foolish madness was't possess your brain
 To think of acting that old Scœne again,
 Wherein as both affirm, you strove to appear
 The perfect Scholars of old *Oliver* ?
 You did observe his Policies, 'tis true,
 And trac't his steps as neere as men could do :
 But fail'd when your design you should have bent
 Not the same way, but one equivalent :
 O then yee'd gaind your wished ends ; when now
 The more ye did, the more ye made us know

B

How

How to prevent your Actions in the State ;
Which drawe on all a lamentable fate :
For know tis order'd that poor *Richard* he
(O're whom ye acted your first Tyranny)
Be made your Judge, and what his sole Command
Decrees ; it must unalterably stand.

Enter RICHARD in a fools Coat.

Lenthall removing, he takes his place and gives judgement.

RICHARD.

What happy fates this Revolution wrought
That my desires to this perfection brought
Even past my hopes expectancy shall I
An *Ideot* Censure fools before I dye !
Where's the *Delinquents* ? Cause them to appear
Fleetwood come forth; and *Lambert* stand you there.

Enter ELEETWOOD.

Brother your will.—I yield unto your rule,
Not as the elder but the greater *fool*.

RICHARD

RICHARD.

You speak too late friend, 'tis no thanks to yield
 To our subjection when ye're thus compell'd:
 Are these the men me from that power constrain'd
 Which my late Father's usurpation gain'd,
 And me condemn'd incapable of Rule
 My Father being a Knavè and I a fool!
 O horrid impudence! dos't not appear
 That you as well as subtilt *Oliver*,
 Expulst these members from the Parliament,
 Whose loud Remonstrance publisht your assent!
 Speak damned *Hypocrites*, must *Oliver*.
 The sum of all your curst Transgressions bear,
 Condemn'd for all, when you alike as he
 Were equall Actors in each *Tragedy*?
 Wading through blood and Tyranny 'tis true
 For which I doubt he's damn'd, and so will you:
 Your guilt's so evident we shall not need
 For further proof but sentence may proceed:
 'Tis vain to think that *Justice* so infenc't,
 Can with your worthless lives be recompens'd;
 Besides our mercy some relief shall give
 To your despairing souls; ye all shall live:
Fleetwood and *Lambert* 'tis to you decreed
 That you stark naked shal to *Russia* speed
 And there remain in the *Muscovian* fields,
 Which sometimes cold yet store of Hony yields.
 You lov'd and had so sweet a tyme before
 You still shall be with *Hony* noynted o're.

And being you here are famous for your Arms,
 Your office there shall be to guard the *swarms*
 From Wasps invasion which the Hives assaile
 With the long feather of a *Capons Tail*.
 And you because your impious name is *Vane*,
 Shall to the *Pigmies*, and affront the *Crane*;
 Banisht from hence to Earths remotest ground
 Your Valour try ; your hands behind ye bound,
 Whereby you'l give us cause t' accompt you wife,
 If in those Conflicts you preserve your ey es.
 Now *Berry* you so silent all this while
 Whose dark extract came from a *Charcole-pile*,
 Shall post to *Ætna*, there constrain'd to lie
 Where th' hottest showers of flaming Cinders fly
 Expecting no relief, or ere come down
 From that sad place till *Hell* shall claim its own.
 But you, you *Cobling Poliphemus*; you
 With that your iquint *Monoculus* shall view
 These Judgements put in execution,
 And see each tittle be exactly done ;
 But least they grumble that we favour you
 You must perform this Charge *stark naked* too,
 Which being done, we doubt not t'will appear,
 Of all their sufferings you'l not want a share.
 Our Judgement's past ! let this our grand report
 Be ratify d, and so dissolve the Court.

Flourish. exēunt.

Manent

Manent Philotheus. Philoletus.

P H I L O T H.

O dearest *Philotheus* have not we
A Cause to magnifie the *Deity*?
These black prodigious Clouds dispers't and gone,
Confirms our hope to see the rising Sun.
Advance great *Charles*, thy storms are overblown,
And smiling Heaven presents thee with a Crown,

P H I L O L E.

But O my *Philotheus* when shall we
Be blest with that compleat felicity
Our souls so long desire (next Heaven alone)
To see him plac't on his bles't Fathers Throne.

P H I L O T H.

O doubt not *Philoletus*, we shall see
A glad reward for all our misery. (eyes
Hells pow'rs depos'd, and Heaven's propitious
Benignely looke on our Calamities.
That happy time draws near that will produce
A glorious subject for our drooping Muse:
Then in a lofty strain wee'le chant and sing,
And echo forth our joy, a *King* a *King*!

Deo semper & ubique Gloria.

B 3

A

AN ELEGIE

Upon the death of that most valorous and
gallant Gentleman, Capt. *Edward Morgan*,
Slain near *Northwich* in *Cheshire*, August
19. 1659.

Most wofull fate! had we but onely one
Right valiant noble soul? and is he gone!
O 'twas t' appease the offended *Deities*
That they chose out this richest sacrifice,
Whereby they might our errors expiate
And make our Adversaries fins compleat.

Brave happy foul! whose spirit did defy
Subordination to the Tyranny
Of Earth-born Brats and Spawns of Hell; who thus
Most insolently Lord it over us.
How did thy rare unerring Judgement see,
The guilt of their abhorred Treachery,
Who like to self-condemning Traytors, fled
Before encounter'd: or scarce threatned:
Then forth most brave *Heroick Morgan* stood,
And seal'd our Causes justice with his blood.
That Hell-belch't flame, that wing'd the fatal Lead,
Which rais'd thy soul, and struck thy body dead.

Hells

Hells Instrument encounters and commands
 A trembling terror in the *Traytors* hands,
 And so each drop which from thy body fell
 Condens't and press't a Rebels soul to hell.

Forbear ye *Sonne*s of *darkness* ; you that boast
 A happy fate by what our *party* lost,
 Falsly accusing *Heaven* to patronize
 Your horrid *Treasons* and curst *villanies* ;
 Nor say that *God* your foul *Rebellion* owns,
 Because success your damned Actions *Crowns*.
 No, no, just *Heaven* a while its *Arm* recalls,
 That it may prove the heavier when it falls.
 And thus the Cursed Antichristian Crew
 Of *Mahomet* are justly yoak't with you.

Mean while most blessed Soul, our *Loyall* eyes
 Shall pay their *Tribute* to thy *Obsequies* :
 Lament thy losse ; and from the glorious *Train*
 Of happy *Martyrs*, wish thee back again ;
 Forgive the *Injury* (great *Saint*) which we
 Herein commit 'gainst thy *felicity* ;
 Where thou remain'st and from her *starry Throne*
 Thy milk-white soul, on erring men looks down :
 Yet still we wish thee here ! O sad *distress* !
 Our losse is great, which makes our *Crime* the less ;
 This palliates our *presumption* ; and herein
 Makes even *Sacrilege* a *veniall* sin.

(doſt ſhine)

For though that thou mongſt thofe bright Troops
 Yet wanting thee our wofull Troops decline ;
 And in this ſad diſtration muſt abide ;
 Thus onely labouring to be ſatisfy'd.

That thou endeavouring *Charles* a Crown to gain,
 Didſt to thy ſelf a glorious Crown attain.

A Relation of a mad merry Ramble, merrily begun, and as madly concluded.

VVhen Pleasant Summer to the colder
 (signes,
 It's flowry Meads and verdant Boughs resignes,
 And *Phæbus* cast's on us a Feebler Ray
 Cold Winter entring Cloathes the fields in Gray,
 Such was the Morne when by my Friend call'd on
 I left the House of Noble (a) *Kinaston*,

(a) *Kinaston of Caley*
 And straight to *Marbury* steer'd our course from
 (thence

There to compose 'twixt friends a difference,
 Which hardly ended ere we fudd'led were,
 And for repose return'd to *Combermere*.
 (But think not pray ye Gentlemen that here
 'Il'e in my Journall turn Geographer,
 Nay I beseech ye Sirs forbear t' expect
 That here I Speed, or *Camden* should Correc't,
 Although 'tis true I travail'd late the bounds
 Of a faire Country, which it self surrounds
 In fruitfull soyle, and bless't with Auncient fame,
 Till late Rebellion forfeited the same:
 But I must needs averr 'tis gain'd agen
 By diverse Loyall souls that dwell therein,
 Yet be it known 'tis not my task to prate
 How Rivers run or Townes be scytuate.)

Being

Being here refreshed with a moderate Rest,
 Betimes next morning we our selves address't
 Unto a place where we appointed were
 To meet the Auncient Spurstowes gallant heire
 Who us Conducted to that goodly seat
 That's honord with his name; a house replete
 With noble entertainment; sumptuous cheere,
 Free Cordiall welcome; high and mighty Beere:
 O thou most terrible and Monstrous (b) Beare

(a) Birth Can with the rough bark on it, that held about a quart.

That gav' st me first my entertainment there,
 I can't forget how thou did' st me surprise,
 Forc'ing sad teares to trickle from mine eyes,
 Which as a preparation to our course
 Of harder drinking must red up our force,
 Wilbraham, Spurstow, Griffiths, Allen, J:
 Being at present all the Company,
 For earnest bus'ness Fletcher had withdrawn,
 And in his absence I remaind his Pawn.
 Each man Charg'd Cup observ'd this Watchword—

(now!

'Tis bravely done Boyes; what's here more to do;
 Is all perform'd? the field we needs must win,
 Faith we must Rally, Charge 'em up agen:
 Whilst thus we ranted and fell on pell mell,
 If not the first, I was the next that fell
 Where now I do entreat ye let me lye.
 Disturb me not I'll waken by and by,

So! now I am reviv'd; prepar'd to try
 A feli encounter with the Enemy

That

That did so lately foyle me: but what's here,
 Methinks a Thund'ring at the Gates I hear.
 The word is brought us, *Fletcher* is return'd,
 Whose absence we so much in Beer bous mourn'd,
 A dreadfull sight behind him did appear
 As strange, as ugly, so that some did swear
 If ere the Devil as fam'd that house assail'd
 He then had brought him like a Cloak-bagg mail'd.
 But yet to be resolv'd we all drew near,
 And that she's split up from the hipps did swear.
 Faith Sir I had been so ere I came hither,
 But that my C—'s compos'd of stretching Leather,
 We bad brave *Fletcher* Welcome with his guide,
 His naked Hanger glitt'ring by his side,
 The Scabbert lost when (c) out the fame he drew

(c) Out of his Bell.

And furiously a drinking-Can he slew.
 This Scene performed we settled foot to foot,
 The Cups go round, and we a fresh fell to't,
 Each Cup contein'd a friends remembrance in't,
 Till full four houres we of the night had spent;
 Now *Fletchers* Luggage drunk denyes to take
 Cupps as before; nor yet would she forsake
 Our Company, but evermore she Cry'd
 Do what ye will, I will not tak't, 'twas tried;
 Quoth I, thy face shall hav't, my breech cryes she
 Will better brook it, and more willingly
 Shall take it for me; I who first begun't
 At her entreaty dash't it in her C—.

Now

Now time it was to part, the far spent night
 Our wearied bodyes did to rest invite.
 A small repose suffis'd our labouring braines,
 As if forgot our last nights taking paines,
 Again we freely quaff the flowing juyce
 Which *Tellus* tortured bosom did produce ;
 And in the afternoon we went to see
 A Town of Auncient note call'd *Bunbury*,
 Where being late we tipp'led there a space,
 At night removing to another place,
 The Habitation of one *Badcock*, where
 We all encounter'd by our *hostess* were,
 How *Bad* the *Cock* may be we nothing know,
 But *Allan's* well assur'd the *Hen* was so :
 For 'twas at first his sad and luckless chaunce,
 Calling her *Vvhore*, to cause her to aduaunce
 Her deadly Tallons, grappling armes at length,
 The Devil could hardly match her Mastiff strength,
VVe in our friends defence did all arise:
 Away ye Drunken Puppyes sli replyes,
 Have you been drinking elsewhere all the day,
 And now at night come here your wreaks to play ?
 Her Husband stood and could not speak indeed,
 But all the Children were the Mothers breed,
Vvhose trebble Throats so sharpe a note did raise
 As Challeng'd Hell to match them with a base.
 Their tongues; his silence; was enough from whence
 To prove her *Vvhore*. and quite dissolve suspence,
 At length concluding peace from hence we went
 Unto another house of more content,

Vvhore

Where being enter'd, I desir'd to know
 If *Allens* strength had fail'd him yea or no ;
 So too't we fell ; and whilst we struggling were,
 By chaunce I stumbled o're the Schoolmaster,
 What Gentlemen crye's he forbeare your speed,
 I have a charge about me ; pray take heed,
 I trust you will not rob me : out he flyes ;
 I to intreat him follow'd : whilst he cryes
 Hang out your lights, Good people, else these
 VVill rifle here the best of *Pedagogues* : (Rogues
 Good Sir refraine these extasies quoth I,
 Nor thus abandon civell Company.
 My charge, my charge cryes he, my charge is lost,
 A Mark or neer't : was ever man so crois't ?
 Thus I pursu'd him to the furies' door,
 The fatall House from whence we came before,
 VVhere by the Candlelight we might perceive
 His Eyeballs from their stations taking leave.
 Thus did we leave him half dissolv'd with fear,
 And back to *Spurstow* we that night repaire.
 Early next morning ere I could arise,
 Thrice that prodigious *Bear* did me surprise,
 Thrice was I forc't to turn that substance o're,
 Till rest became as needfull as before,
 Yet not permitted me : enforc't to leave
 My sweet repose, full goblets to receive
 Of flowing Liquor ; Liquor that might raise
 Strains more sublime to speak the founders praise,
 VVhose noble Breast so rare a soul inherits,
 Mirrors of sweetnes equall to his Merits ,

and

And may a world of happiness pursue ·
 His noble House which now we bid adue.
 Still his oblieging presence we retaine,
 And back to *Bunbury* we march againe,
 Where long our wandering fancies could not bide,
 But for a frolick in the evening tyde,
 Remov'd to *Northwich* nine miles distant, where
 With lusty Sack we did our spirits shear,
 Our suppers ended, and our brains well try'd,
 A brace of Beds convenient did provide
 Both in a Roome ; we hugg'd our needfull rest
 Whilst either Wine or weariness opprest
 Our Drowzy fences : but not long our eyes
 We soon disclose, and make *Obedience* rise
 To give attendance ; stooles instead of Drums
 Strook up th' Alarum ; till at last she comes
 Whereat we all our loathed Beds forsake,
 And through the house a match of rambling make :
 Room after Room we search resov'd to see
 Our Landlord with his Wife in *Geminy*
 As we suppos'd they were ; thus in we go,
 But she deny'd and Vow'd it was not so :
 Well he replyes sweet heart be not afraid,
 Thy due benev'lence shall be justly paid,
 And shall it so ? (then *Fletcher* cryes) make room
 Between ye both, there I to bed must come,
 A weak resistance proveing vaine he in
 To bed did step, and 'twixt them did begin
 A health to their performance on each side
 His place resign'd was by the next supply'd,

Till

Till all had pledg'd this jolly health, and then
 We all agree to take our restsagen,
 Betimes next morning with the Sun we rise
 All deadly sick with last nights exercise,
 With looks dejected every thirsty soul,
 Doth his afflicted Brothers Caze Condole,
 Till at the length we did our selves assur
 What wrought the Malady would work the Cure,
 Applauding what the (d) learned Father taught

(d) Bishop Andrews in praise of Ale.

The vertue of a plentious mornings draught :
 Now little *Mallary* did our Tribe Augment
 With whom we found the Cellers deep descent,
 Health upon Health, Cup upon Cup we ply,
 The Tavern rung with our confused joy,
 Not overlong it being Market day,
 We of the Town did take a short survay :
 And thence to *Daneham* two miles off repaire,
 There drink, and what we left unfinisht there,
 Performe at *Middlewich*, where we that night
 Arrive, but how I could not here recite,
 Were't not for two occasions which befell
 In this dayes journey most remarkable : *vix.*
 As hence we posted at a speedy rate,
 I sadly troubled with the *Poets* fate,
 Ill Horst, Lagg'd after, doubtfull which to chuse
 For loosing them I needs my self must loose,
 And piss I must : there haft my stay forbid,
 So I pursu'd them pissing as I rid :

A hanfome Girle before me makes a stand,
 As I rid on, my whynyard in my hand.
 Now out, upon ye Sir : what's that I see?
 O been't ashame'd sweet heart ? troth you may be,
 Of what? it's posture. Mistriss I presume
 To serve you twould a better forme assume :
 Haft now denyes me time farewell ; but yet
 Your new acquaintance pray ye not forget :
 He's at your Service, and who knowes but fate
 Your familiarity may renovate ?
 Next (sad remembrance) was a fatall fall
 Where Horse and man, and man and Horse and all
 Fell to the ground, my Horse above the *earnes*,
 Above the *Elbowes* I in dirt appeares,
 Sadly bedabled, not at all ashame'd,
 Rather in me a haughty spirit it fram'd :
 For entring th' Town I forc't a man to stand,
 And with obeisance kites my dirty hand.
 Hence to our Inn : noyse flies about the Town,
 Gallants are come, mongst whom *Ben Johnson's* one,
 (so *Spurstrom* call'd me) how! a third replyes,
 If *Ben* be there 'tis time for us to rise,
 He'll scare them from their witts where e're they go,
 Then sure 'tis he; for they'r already so.
 Whilst Rumor thus reports our boon arive,
 We overhead in monstros Flaggons dive,
 Till overcharg'd of fence and friends bereft,
 Poor harmeles I upon a Bed was left.
 What then worth notice past my braines so wet,
 Must needs be pardon'd if I do forget:

For

For some report that we a supper had,
 Wherein I must confess, my memory's bad ;
 Yes, and that I thereon did freely feed :
 Pardon, sweet Host, I knew not what I did ;
 Wakening, I assay'd to stand ; me thought with eas'd
 My feet perambulate th' *Antipodes*,
 Seeking to go, I imitate the Sun,
 When he in his *diurnall* course doth run.
 Whereat enraged, and amaz'd, I swear
 That Fates had turn'd me *perpendicular* ;
 My head descends, and like a Meteor flies
 Through fleeting *Aire*, I foot the arched skies.
 But stay, I am encompast with a roof,
 I feel the walls, and come from bed forsooth,
 And fain would find't again, but that alas,
 I sought about and knew not where it was.
 And still the more I search, the more I'm led
 Through darksome *entryes*, black *Enigma's* thred,
 Whereat I stamp't, and swore I was crept in
 The *Labyrinth* where *Minotaur* had been,
 Hopeless of restauration, crying, where
 Is faithfull *Phædra*, *Ariadne* neer ?
 When lo at last, most welcome one appears, (stairs)
 Take heed, your worship's tumbling down the
 In fine, the rest, which I two hours had sought,
 Obtain'd, again I to the bed was brought,
 Whereon ere I could hardly close mine eyes,
 We are inform'd again, 'tis time to rise ;
 For that most Noble *Manwaring* had then *Manwaring*
of Bostock
 Vouchsaf't a visit to the Gentlemen ;

Whose courteous favours, if my pen forget,
 May I in shames black Catalogue be set.
 For base Ingratitude, in which 'tis said
 All Crimes and Vices are at once display'd.
 No time delay'd ; but up they all arose,
 I shortly after, mockt with a repose,
 With all celerity forsook my rest,
 And shook my ears, no sooner up but dreſt.
 And hence we went to please a various mind,
 Where every Woodcock on a Woodcock din'd.
 What next we acted, few men understand,
 Being half distracted, mad with foolish food ;
 Fletcher and Spurſtowe, with young Mallery,
 Maintain a combat 'gainſt poor Jack and I,
 And whilſt brave Mallery on the table fought
 Op'e stood the Casement, whilſt I striving sought
 To pull him down, he leſt himself amends ;
 For out the window he from them, descends.
 I fearing 's hurt, looke after him, and thought
 To call for help, when by the heels I 'm caught,
 And after him sent ; partaker of his fate,
 To wish me back 'twas quickly grown too late,
 Whilſt both suppos'd we by our falls should dye,
 But 'twas not so, we fell so dextrously,
 Excelling Airey Hope, or Pudding's sleight :
 For like to *Cats*, on hands and feet we light,
 Nor fear'd, nor hurt, insensible of pain,
 We rise and breath, and to't we fall again.
 Two hours this lasted, till in fine made friends
 With Ale which *Cesars* Coments so commends.

He whose great Pompy's Eagles did subdue,
 He who but came and look't and overthrew
 Yet still affirm, proceeding ages will,
 His conquering sword was conquer'd by his Quill:
 Ale, thy rare vertuses, and thy sacred use,
 Is th'glorious subject of his crowned Muse.
 I'lle not relate what afterwards besett;
 But here we bid brave *Minswaring* farewell,
 And little *Mollery*: hence we undertake
 A three miles journey, for our Hoses sake,
 For them no further we that night compell,
 They did but little, but they did it well;
 For on the Road an Inne we found, and there
 A boon and bounteous Host, indifferent Beer,
 Who us before our money did regard,
 So he with us in every pottle shar'd:
 For what for four pence they to others fold,
 Afforded us for three, and swore 't should hold
 Whil'st we remain'd there; so't we sate that night,
 Till bright *Aurora* put the starrs to flight.
 And then, as we prepar'd to go away,
 Comes *Erswick's Minsoul*, and procures our stay,
 With him re-entering, there we drink again,
 Till onely one half barrell did remain,
 Which we resolve at one health to drink up,
 And for that purpose found a Posset cup,
 environ'd with black handles round about,
 Which held four Flagons justly measur'd ouu.
 This monstrous dish we drink, of sable hue,
Hortendum dicit; but by ————— tis true.

*A word
for Ali.*

Now bound for Nampwich, without lets or stays,
 O're hedge and ditch, to voyd the souler wayes;
 At length arriving neer the place where late
 (f) A thousand Gallant souls receiv'd their fate.

(f) *The Kings Army being routed there*

Here we alighted in the Towns survay,
 And till their Preachment's past resolv'd to stay;
 During which time, by chance there hapn'd to be
 Two brethren of Sajnt *Hugh's* fraternity,
 With me dispos'd to quarrell; till the one
 Recants, and crys, to you I am unknown:
 Brave 'Squier *Starky* (thus for him mistook
 He *Spurstow*) but were *Spurstow* here, he'd look
 More favourably, and him defend from harms;
 He oft had hugg'd the Booby in his arms:
 And sure he was, he'd free him from abuses.
Spurstow begins, and thus himself accuses:
Spurstow's an *Ass*, a base ignoble slave,
 I long since lent him money; which to have
 I now dispair: how much was 't, he requires;
 But fourty shillings; 'only my desires
 Are these, to have thee beat him for 't sometime,
 And here behold the *moiety* is thine.
 Sir, let me see him; I will do the deed,
 Though he in strength, or stature should exceed
 The great *Golias*; here's the man will do't,
 I'll bring his neck beneath your worships foot.
 Then here's thy money; now prepare thy hands,
 And here, behold where little *Spurstow* stands;

Hereat

Hereat the valiant young man's valour's quail'd,
 Throws down the money, lest he be assay'd
 By us, and beaten ; to a Chamber by
 He quits the room, and there takes sanctu'ry,
 There rests secure, when he that hold had gai'rd,
 Bolted within, without the key remain'd :
 And that he might more safely there abide,
 We lock't him in, and thence with th' key did ride.
 Neerer the Town an Inne we sought ; in fine,
 We found a Reverend Host, more reverend Sign,
 Which to the view in ample distance spreads,
 Such as imaginarily the heads
 Of many new-bred Nobles, oft adorns,
 And frequently in *English*, call'd *The Horns*.
 Here we alighted, and resolv'd to sup,
 There, though the lodgings were before ta'ne up,
 Much taken with our Host's boon merriment ;
 Bedless that night we rather are content
 To stay, then enter th' clamorous town, much more
 We'd rest that night, as we the night before
 Had done : the night we shorten, being long,
 With wine and mirth ; sometimes *John Dory*'s song.
 Thus till the travellers for their march prepa'd,
 We drank and sung, and then their places shar'd.
Spurftow and I a little stay'd behind,
 The rest afore unto a place design'd
 To take our parting tap-lash ; for our way
 Lay through the town where *Spurftow* bids me stay,
 There at the *Holy Lamb* we 'lighted down,
 Which might be styl'd the *Embleme* of the Town :

For what more proper *smile* may be,
 Compar'd to painted out-side sanctity :
 Or who more fitly can such zeal define,
A buse of riot, and a sacred Sign.
 Here, to avoyd prolixity of time,
 Five pintes apiece of brisk Canary wine
 We drank to friends, but chiefly he to one,
 To me most dear, although to him unknown,
 Which made the favour double ; then came in
 The Mistress pint, that drunk, we did begin,
 To think of *Fletcher*, who by this, though t's long,
 When lo a voyce amidst the ruder throng
 Call'd *spurstow, spurstow* ; turn again, come hither,
 He wanting second thoughts, turn'd, and went thi-
 Where being come a Matron grave appears, (ther,
 One who for beauty aged *sibili* years,
 Might well example ; but for impudence,
 and vicious acts, with *Circe* might commence,
 Then with a *complement*, old as her self, she brought
 A Jack with silver tipt, and at a draught
 O're turn'd it, though the Jack contain'd a quart.
 Then gives it him ; here boy, observe my art.
 Now heavens protect me, this upon our Wine !
 She'l *Circe-like* transform us both to Swine.
 And Beldam for thy favour take this curse ;
 The *pox* confound thee, or some *plague* that's worse.
 Thus parted noble *spurstow* with his train,
Fletcher and I to *Marbury* march again.
 Some business of the first day's left undone,
 Where we remember our companions gone,

Past

Past Acts recount, as loth to part we fit,
 And all that tedious night we frolick it :
 This my fourth night, and Fletcher's third, since we
 our cloaths put off, or any sheets did see.
 So in the morn appearing, you might then
 Behold a brace of parboyl'd Gentlemen,
 Like cattle standing at *Avernus* brink,
 Even dead with thirst, yet daring not to drink.

Now farewell dearest Fletcher, let's give over,
 'Tis time to try, can we our sense recover,
 And what my soul to *spur stow* renders due,
 Thrice noble Fletcher, must return to you ;
 And pray that *heaven* may ever let me see,
 A bliss on you, and your *Posterity* ;
 So to his wishes fortune condescend,
 Whose life's your servant, and whose faith's your
 (friend.

BEN. FRANCIS.

Postscript.

Criticks, excuse the rudeness of my stile,
 Perchance my *Muse* could better Verse compile,
 But here my Penn presumes to be as free,
 As was our noble Gallant Company ;
 Nor say I have your tyred sense abus'd
 Being over tedious, since 'tis thus excus'd.
 The Ramble's long, and those that did it see,
 Confess I have affected brevity.
 Then howsoe'er my Verse by you's approv'd,
 Doubt not, but 'tis by better Wits belov'd.

A



A Recantation.

I.

Ye false deluding Joyes Terrestrial,
 Your fond Temptations I despise ;
 My thoughts are soaring to a Cælestiall,
 And never fading Paradise.
 Wherefore farewell
 Ye steps to Hell,
 Your flattering paths I'le tread no more,
 Nor your false vanities adore.

2.

Base world, amongst the worst I rank thee,
 of ills that e're created were,
 As yet I ne're had cause to thank thee.
 Thy smiles but base delusions are,
 Which since I scorn'd,
 To frowns they turn'd ;
 But thus thy injuries I'le retort,
 Detesting to be made thy sport.

'Tis

3.

'Tis true, I doated on thy pleasures,
 And thy alluring treachery ;
 My soul betray'd in horrid measures
 To honour thy impiety,
 But now I see
 Thy slavery,
 I bid farewell to all thy joyes,
 And these my most lov'd vanities.

4.

Farewell my Dear, my Boon Companions,
 Farewell, Eternally adue ;
 And for the favours which were many ones,
 And loves I alwayes gain'd from you,
 I thanks return
 To you, and mourn
 The precious time we spent in vain,
 Which now I'le labour to regain.

5.

By you my company was prized,
 And far beyond its worth esteem'd,
 So I your joyes have Idolized,
 And equall to the blessed deem'd;
 But since our love
 Did often prove
 A lewd debauchery in the end,
 Ill to divincr thoughts attend.

And

6.

And you fair Virgins, who resemble
 The brightness of the radiant skies,
 With whom I oft did thus dandle,
 And heavens created in your eyes;
 A fairer now,
 My thoughts pursue,
 And pure devotions duly pay
 To one whose splendors ne'r decay.

7.

Yet pray mistake not lovely fair ones,
 Your beauties I do still admire,
 And bear due Reverence to the Rare ones
 Of your most sweet selected quire;
 For, when I view
 Those forms in you,
 My breast with admiration fills
 Of your Creators heavenly skills.

8.

And now to you that are devoted,
 Alone to serve the Deity;
 And to that happiness promoted,
 To wait upon the Trinity,
 I come, I come,
 Vouchsafe me room,
 Where I with you my offerings may
 Before the sacred Altar lay

Where

Where though this earth our feet retaineth,
Our souls surmount the starry skies,
And in that blest estate remaineth,
Adoring of the Mysteries ;
And though 't appear
We wander here,
And breath from this dull Aire receive,
Yet Aliens to the world we live.

E I N I S.
